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Why might not a HIGH COURT OF NATIONS be established? A Court sitting in permanence, and composed of Judges appointed by the different nations consenting to its establishment, each having the appointment of two, three, or more, as should be found expedient? Suppose Great Britain, France, Russia, Prussia, Austria and the United States should unite in the creation of such a tribunal, each contributing, say, three of its members. Here would be eighteen judges, the wisest and most upright men their respective nations could furnish, and forming a body of arbitrators in the integrity of whose judgments the utmost confidence might be placed. The particular interests or prejudices of any party litigant before this august tribunal, though they might weigh somewhat with three of the judges, could have no influence with the other fifteen; and the character of the men, if wisely chosen, would afford ample warrant against the existence of all baser motives to partiality. We throw out the idea, without dwelling on the details of the plan, for the consideration of all who long for the time when there shall be peace among nations, and wars and fightings shall for ever cease.

In reply to these just and forcible suggestions from the Editor of the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser, we would say, that the friends of peace, while in favor of arbitration as a stipulated substitute for war, have long urged the plan of a Congress of Nations as the *perfection* of all substitutes. We much prefer the latter, but recommend the former as a temporary, occasional expedient, until we can procure the other. We have published on this subject not only essays and pamphlets, but tracts and large volumes; and when *all* editors, or the greater part of them, will take and keep the noble stand of our friend in favor of a scheme at once so magnificent, so simple and so feasible, we shall then hope for speedy success.

NOT ON THE BATTLE FIELD.

—
BY JOHN PIERPONT.
—

"To fall on the battle-field fighting for my dear country—that would not be hard."
THE NEIGHBORS.

O no, no—let me lie
Not on a field of battle, when I die!
Let not the iron tread
Of the mad war-horse crush my helmed head:
Nor let the reeking knife,
That I have drawn against a brother's life,
Be in my hand when death
Thunders along, and tramples me beneath
His heavy squadron's heels,
Or gory fellows of his cannon's wheels.

From such a dying bed,
Though o'er it float the stripes of white and red,
And the bald eagle brings
The clustered stars upon his wide-spread wings,
To sparkle in my sight,
O, never let my spirit take her flight!

I know that beauty's eye
Is all the brighter where gay pennants fly,
And brazen helmets dance,
And sunshine flashes on the lifted lance:
I know that bards have sung,
And people shouted till the welkin rung
In honor of the brave
Who on the battle-field have found a grave.

I know that o'er their bones
 Have grateful hands piled monumental stones.
 Some of those piles I've seen :
 The one at Lexington, upon the green
 Where the first blood was shed,
 That to my cuntry's independence led ;
 And others, on our shore,
 The " Battle Monument " at Baltimore,
 And that on Bunker's Hill.
 Ay, and abroad, a few more famous still :
 Thy " tomb," Themistocles,
 That looks out yet upon the Grecian seas,
 And which the waters kiss
 That issue from the gulf of Salamis.
 And thine, too, have I seen,
 Thy mound of earth, Patroclus, robed in green,
 That, like a natural knoll,
 Sheep climo and nibble over, as they stroll,
 Watched by some turbaned boy,
 Upon the margin of the plain of Troy.

Such honors grace the bed,
 I know, whereon the warrior lays his head,
 And hears, as life ebbs out,
 The conquered flying, and the conquerer's shout.
 But, as his eye grows dim,
 What is a column or a mound to him ?
 What, to the parting soul,
 The mellow note of bugles ? What the roll
 Of drums ? No : let me die
 Where the blue heaven bends o'er me lovingly,
 And the soft summer air,
 As it goes by me, stirs my thin white hair,
 And from my forehead dries
 The death-damp as it gathers, and the skies
 Seem waiting to receive
 My soul to their clear depths ! Or let me leave
 The world, when round my bed
 Wife, children, weeping friends are gathered,
 And the calm voice of prayer
 And holy hymning shall my soul prepare
 To go and be at rest
 With kindred spirits,—spirits who have blessed
 The human brotherhood
 By labors, cares and counsels for their good.

And in my dying hour,
 When riches, fame and honor have no power
 To bear the spirit up,
 Or from my lips to turn aside the cup
 That all must drink at last,
 O, let me draw refreshment from the past !
 Then let my soul run back,
 With peace and joy, along my earthly track,
 And see that all the seeds
 That I have scattered there, in virtuous deeds,
 Have sprung up, and have given,
 Already, fruits of which to taste in heaven !

And though no grassy mound
 Or granite pile say 'tis heroic ground
 Where my remains repose,
 Still will I hope—vain hope, perhaps ! that those
 Whom I have striven to bless,
 The wanderer reclaimed, the fatherless,
 May stand around my grave,
 With the poor prisoner, and the poorest slave,
 And breathe an humble prayer,
 That they may die like him whose bones are mouldering there.